

**THE POCAHONTAS TIMES**

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CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR.

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The following account of the hunt of rogue cows by the famous Sir Bimuel W. Faker, the elephant hunter, Feller of the Pachyderm, Drawer of the Long Bow, etc., etc., may be of more than local interest.

In the fall of 1917, while I was camped in a mountainous district in the Alleghany mountains I had an experience with rogue cows. I was at work in my tent with my instruments busily engaged in reducing to scientific analysis the distinguishing differences between the track of the doe and that of the buck deer, when my guide informed me that a delegation from a near by village was waiting to see me in regard to the depredations of rogue cows upon the gardens and meadow patches in their district. The villagers came in and asked me if I would direct my hunting operations to the welcome task of ridding their neighborhood of that dangerous, expensive nuisance known as the rogue cow.

These rogues are cows that have been brought in from the country and when they grow fat and kick, they break through fences and are known as rogues. They carry destruction into the natives' truck-fields, and are quite regardless of night fires or the usual precautions for scaring wild beasts. The daring pluck of these rogues is only equaled by their extreme cunning. During the day they will size up the gardens in the community and that night when the police force has gone to bed, will break into the enclosure and eat up the vegetables and trample down the herbage and cause great wreck and destruction and when morning has come, the rogue has gone leaving no trace of her identity. The wretched householder surveys the ruins of a highly prosperous garden, and sees a lean winter ahead of him.

The villagers explained that if they took the matter into their own hands that it would lead to law suits and other unpleasant consequences, but that as I was a stranger, I could satisfy my lust for killing things, do the public a great service, and get away with it unharmed. They also explained that living in villages, owed their spirits and that the effect of such life was such that they learned to put up with a thousand injuries without being able to resent one of them. They promised to send the village dare-devil to guide me to the gardens the next night and left me with a profusion of thanks for my promised activities in their behalf.

The next night the dare-devil arrived smoking a cigarette, which I sternly abolished. Arrived at the village, I reconnoitered the situation and went into ambush in front of the postoffice. About midnight the dare-devil plucked my sleeve and directed my attention to a big fat rogue, working to unlatch the front gate of a yard, and having succeeded in getting into the yard, and commenced to tear down and devour the vegetables. He whispered to me that this rogue was the property of a rich man in the town, and that the garden belonged to a poor widow woman who took in washing for a living. I approached with my elephant gun which carried a four ounce ball, my guide carrying my two heavier guns. The rogue must have scented us, for she immediately froze, so that it was difficult to see her among the vines and bean poles. Presently the moon came out from behind the clouds, and I was able to draw a bead on her. I quickly shot four times, each time cutting off a leg so as not to injure the hide, and my noble quarry crashed to the earth bringing down a number of bean poles.

The roar of my artillery echoed in the hills but it takes more than the discharge of an elephant gun to wake up the sleepers in a country town, and we were able to continue our hunting until the gray in the east gave notice of the coming dawn, and we withdrew, having killed thirteen rogues with the expenditure of only fifty-two shots, having made a perfect score without a miss. I was afterwards informed that one of the rifle balls had gone through the walls of the house of a citizen, but that as he was a man who persisted in putting a bell on his cow to the distress and annoyance of the neighborhood, he got no sympathy and that he had took the bell off of his cow.

One rogue during the night gave me a narrow escape. She charged from her cover directly towards me and my gun refused to go off, owing to the fact that the hammer was not cocked. If the cow had not stumped her toe and fallen down, it might have been much the worse for me, but a hunter gets used to these encounters with dangerous beasts.

On the next night, as I was in my tent, pondering on the eternal question of whether it is better for the hunter to relate things just as they occurred, in the interest of truth, or to give them just the proper adornment, in the interest of entertainment, the same delegation that had invited me to the hunting, again waited upon me. This time they were in much better spirits and greatly distended with beef. After thanking me profusely, they presented me with box of large five-cent cigars, as a method of showing their gratitude in a substantial manner. They also presented me with a hunk of beef. This we endeavored to cook in the camp kettle and cooked it until the kettle was burned up, by which time it was about the consistency of telegraph wire, and made tough eating, and only a long experience at hotels made me relish it.

"Harvest home! harvest home! We've plowed, we've sowed, We've reaped, we've mowed, We've brought home every load. Hip, hip, hip, harvest-home!"

Regarding the above quotation with close attention, the conclusion

reached, that a man would have to be pretty tolerably drunk to get very fond of a stave like that. Looking over the customs of the various countries in regard to the celebration of the harvest-home, it would appear that it is like a good many other occasions of joy—only an excuse to get drunk. We do not have any harvest homes in this part of the country, unless Thanksgiving Day, a bank and school holiday, would be considered such. In this country the products are so varied that in regard to crops in today already walks tomorrow.

A great many years ago, before the introduction of complicated farm machinery, there was something like a harvest home in the Valley of Virginia, where wheat was by far the most important crop. The time for cutting wheat was limited and every body pretty much turned out to help with it. The big fields were cut with the cradle. A squad walked across the field led by the boss cradler who was the stroke oar of the crew, and behind followed the other cradlers who hung on to his stroke like grim death. The boss cradler as we remember him in our neighborhood was a shoemaker the rest of the year. When the last sheaf was in shock, it was considered the proper thing to do, to go to the house and have some drinks of apple brandy for the men, and lemonade and cakes for the boys. That was the first time that we ever observed the effect of conversation water on the human system. Men who had worked for days silent and dumb, immediately developed into persons of importance with a tongue in the head, and opinions on subjects in the lead. Pentecost was the Palestine festival for a bountiful harvest, but as the customs of the Holy Land spread over the world with the change that distance makes in the season, if lost its significance as a harvest home celebration and Pentecost or Whit Sunday means almost anything but a harvest holiday. The Romans with their proneness to have a feast on every possible excuse, had their Cerealia, of feast in honor of Ceres, the goddess of the breakfast foods. Americans have Thanksgiving, and China and Japan celebrate at the close of the year.

If the county fair keeps long enough to become an institution, that will be the true harvest home celebration for this county.

In these scambling and unquiet times, we are waiting for the edict to go forth as to meatless days, and wheatless days, and we would rather have these set, than to have to go through the initiative of setting them each for himself. The old custom was that during Lent that there were to be no regular meals on Saturdays or Mondays, and these were known as scambling days, and in this part of the country, the Sunday Presbyterian supper is generally observed, being a meal that is composed of cold food, no fire being started in the cook stove to require any cooking. We could never notice any scanting or self-denial in this meal however, for there generally was plenty to fill up on.

If Mr. Hoover will only name the days in which we are to eat no meat, wheat nor sugar, they will be universally observed. Fasting and self-denial however bring their own reward in the improvement of health and appetite and it might turn out that fast days will not decrease the total amount that will be consumed during the year.

The best rule of health that we know of, and the best rule of economy, is that if the grub set before you does not please you, do not go to the expense for strange, expensive foods, but wait over a day or two, and your appetite for plain and cheap food will be miraculously restored to you.

Mr. Hoover now calls for a saving in sugar. In this section of country, the older folks remember about a war time when sugar was scarce and they were automatically brought to the saving of it. Then coffee or what was known as coffee, was subjected to the "long sweating," or molasses. In these days a supply of tree sugar was highly prized, and securely hidden from the persistent, foraging soldiers.

We are all ready to do what we can in the way of saving food, and if Mr. Hoover will but make his demands, they will be honored and all the more cheerfully because of the sacrifice.

"We may live without poetry, music and art; We may live without conscience, and live without heart; We may live without friends; we may live without books; But civilized man cannot live without cooks. He may live without books,—what is knowledge but grieving? He may live without hope,—what is hope but deceiving? He may live without love,—what is passion but pining? But where is the man that can live without dining?"

The German chancellor said to the Reichstag the other day that he would not define the peace terms that Germany would be willing to grant for fear that they would interfere in getting a good contract when the war was ended. He talks like a real-estate agent.

It is very unfortunate that the school books were changed this year by a short-sighted commission. With people wearing their old clothes, and old shoes, and adapting themselves to the scant supplies of goods, owing to the increased market, it is a feeble thing, that instead of using the

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old books, the people must get a new set. That is one provision of law which lacks the sanction of the people. There is a deep growing resentment in the minds of the public against the progressive school book board who refused to observe the wise doctrine of "let be."

The colleges and universities have decreased attendance this year owing to the war. Yale is off one third. One strange thing and one of the good things, is that Yale and Harvard men are found fighting side by side like brothers.


The county clerk's office is busy issuing those silly hunting licenses which not only do not bring in a revenue, but are issued at an expense. They are not perfect even for a census of the county, as some lady hunters have refused to give their respective ages.

This knitting craze has turned nearly every home into a sweater shop, and at a time when the price of wool yarn is very high. A friend of ours sat in a railroad car by a strange lady who was of course knitting. Feeling a sharp pain in his eye he found that he had come in the way of the fast flying needle. The lady remarked frostily, that it was a wonder that a poor woman could not find room in this broad land to knit. Our friend changed seats hastily and sat down by another good sister, and

pretty soon he got a job in the other set, and she remarked that it was pretty bad when a woman could not get room enough to knit. Then he went up into the smoker.

**READING CIRCLE**  
 The first meeting of the Levels District Reading Circle for the present school year will be held in Hillsboro, Saturday, October 13, at 2 p. m. We should like all the teachers in the district "in the game" on that date. Some one has said there are two classes of teachers—the living and the dead. If you belong to the first class, you will make an effort to attend and take part in these meetings.  
 We study for this meeting the first nine chapters of Kirkpatrick's "The Rural School from Within." The chairman has several copies for teachers who placed orders with him at institute.  
 The following topics will be discussed at our meeting.  
 The spirit of the community as reflected by the spirit of the school.—H. M. Harr.  
 William Constadt as member of Board of Education.—Clyde Grimes.  
 The Educational principle employed by teacher at Cornstadt Crossing.—Miss Anna Wallace.  
 The preparation for the first day.—Miss Alice Clark.  
 Father and Mother Rose's home as boarding place.—Miss Anna Moreland.

The daily program suggested in chapter six—Miriam Hill.  
 "The Loca Parentis," as applied to the Jones', Longley's and Burnses.—W. E. Scott.  
 Managing vs. Bossing your Employees.—A. W. Hill.  
 Discussion: "I make it a point to have them get along with me." Chapter Six—Teacher at Denmark.  
 The value of the community meeting—Miss Addie Cokerley.  
 The teacher and the Revival Service.—J. B. Grimes.  
 W. E. Scott, Chairman.

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**SUB-DISTRICT OF CASS SCHOOL**  
 Beginning at the "Yard Limit" sign on the E. & O. R. R. below Deer Creek following the river up to the mouth of Deer Creek, thence up Deer Creek to a point of rocks known as Bar Ford; thence to top of hill following same to a line corresponding to Leatherbark Creek; to county road crossing; thence to top of ridge, keeping same down past Cass and Deer Creek to the beginning.  
 By order of the Board of Education, J. H. CURRY, Secy. B. E.

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